

The Mirror

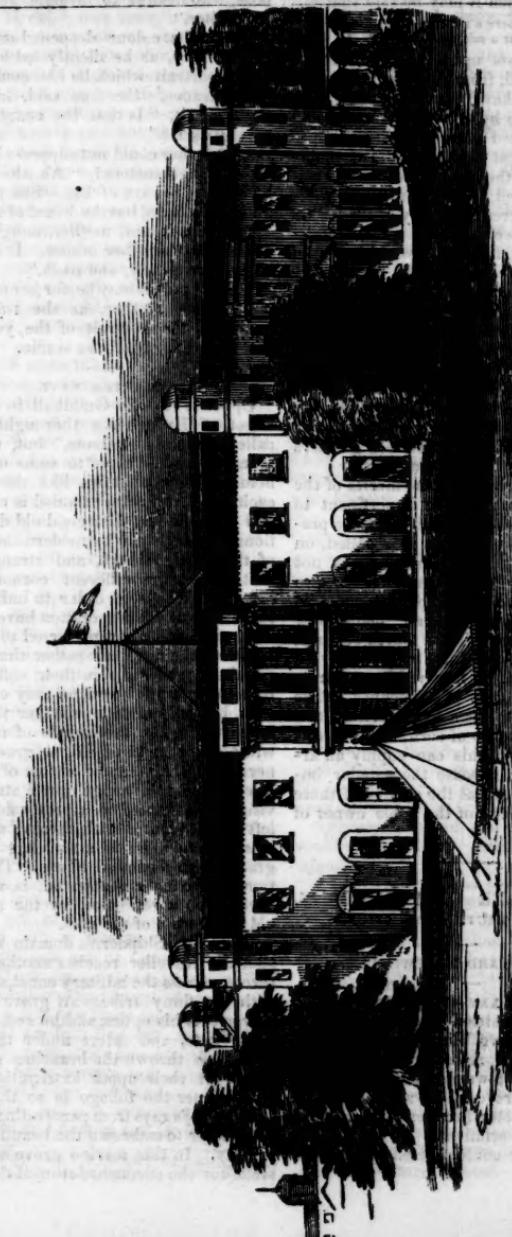
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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GOODWOOD HOUSE.

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The annexed representation of Goodwood House, in Sussex, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, is one of those princely mansions of which it may be said that

"Splendour there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode."

Attention rests upon it at this moment more than usual, from the circumstance of its noble owner having recently made himself conspicuous by the determined stand he has announced it to be his intention to make against that change in the commercial system of the country which the minister has deemed it expedient to propose, and which the great majority of the nation are anxious to see carried.

A political controversy would be out of its place in these pages. We may, however, be allowed to express a hope that those measures which the noble proprietor of Goodwood House deems nothing less than revolutionary, will not prove so fruitful of evil as he anticipates. He will probably long exercise hospitality in the lordly halls of Goodwood, after the danger shall have passed away, and when the alarm now experienced in certain quarters is remembered but as a dream.

Without entering into the merits of the corn laws, it may not be impertinent to remark that those who advocate the present protective system, as it is called, on account of its antiquity, are perhaps not generally aware that fourteen centuries ago England was a corn-exporting country. When the emperor Julian made war against the Germans in the fourth century, the tillage of the provinces of Gaul having been interrupted, six hundred large barks, framed in the forest of Ardennes, made several voyages to the coast of Britain, and carried their cargoes of corn to the towns on the Rhine. If this can supply an argument that will appease the popular impatience, it is much at the service of those who share the views of the noble owner of Goodwood.

THE SMUGGLER OF FOLKSTONE.
A TALE OF TRUTH AND FICTION.

By EDWARD PORTWINE.

CHAPTER XXV.—(continued).

"Had I committed that rash act, I should indeed have blushed before you. Much as I am impressed with the hypocrisy of the rich towards Cumlin—greatly as I despise the revenue laws, which grind the poor and petty breaker of them, and permit greater criminals to grow rich, yet I have never contemplated so suicidal an act."

"You relieve my mind. I feared it was so, for my informant states that you were seen paying great attentions to the smuggler's daughter. Some vulgar girl, I suppose, who desires to inveigle you to join her father."

Edmund's colour deepened on his pale countenance, as he silently led his mother to the portrait which he had concealed on her entrance. He then said, looking on the portrait, "Is that the countenance of a vulgar girl?"

His mother could not suppress her admiration; she muttered, "Ah, she is indeed lovely, but beware of her. She may have an angel's form, but the heart of a demon."

"Believe it not, mother, nought of the demon dwells in her bosom. It is the seat of honour, purity, and truth."

"God grant it may be, for her own sake," replied his mother, as she rose, gazed again on the portrait of the young girl with a sigh, and left the studio.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Opposite to the Guildhall in the high street of Hythe, is a thoroughfare once called "Marshall's Lane," but, since the municipal bill, altered to some other cognomen. A small town like this to have each nook and corner named is ridiculous, and yet so it is. The good old denominations are abolished by modern innovations of the Whig school, and strange terms written on the different corners of the lanes and streets, in order to indicate that the Solons of the corporation have not been idle, and that they preferred to give the funds to their friends rather than to permit them to lie idle in their coffers. All these new fangled notions may exist for a time, but we question whether the day is far distant when the haunts of our youth will not appear as of old, to greet our venerable years. At the bottom of this lane is constructed a bridge over a stream; the visitor is attracted to a pretty field on his left hand, planted with shrubs; and what amazes him most is a building of wood, graced with Venetian blinds. This elevation was once a stable, but is now converted into a residence, by the son of an old magistrate of the port.

From Mr. Shipden's domain and mansion the traveller reaches another bridge, thrown across the military canal, swarming with the finny tribe. A grove of elms now greets his optics, and he swings a neat white gate, and enters under the shade. Time has thrown the branches close together at their upper extremities, and in the summer the foliage is so thick as to prevent Sol's rays from penetrating the gravel road or to embrown the beauties of the vicinity. In this marine grove are placed seats, for the accommodation of the inhabi-

tants; and as it leads the visitor to the sea-side, and one of the best strands of shingle for bathing in England, it is much frequented for its delicious coolness, its unbrageous forest-like appearance, and its seclusion. In this grove many a heart has given vent to its aspirations—many a soul has throbbed wildly. Oh! if its venerable trees could speak, what volumes might be written from their dictation of broken hearts, blighted affections, deception, and crime, and how many hearts have been made happy here by the first ardent declaration of passion to a trembling frame beneath their shade.

In the month of August there is scarcely any night; the twilight fades, and is succeeded by the bright and glorious morning waking all nature from repose. On a night in August, mild and beautiful, Edmund Poynder left his studio, after three days' labour, and repaired to his favourite seat in this grove. Twilight had deepened as he seated himself in a chair, thinking on the conversation with his mother of Margaret, of Sarah, and his reflections caused him painful sighs. All was as still as night. There were no visitors, at least so thought Edmund. He remained until the clock struck ten, then rose and repaired slowly to the top of the grove. As he approached the gate faint music reached his ears. He stopped and listened; the sounds appeared at a distance. The quietude of the night induced him to follow the sounds. Presently a blaze of light, streaming from the grounds of General Johnson, fell on his eyes, and the full tones of a large band apprised him that a party was held at the veteran's mansion. As he came near the principal portico carriages were entering, and he mechanically followed them on to the lawn in front of the mansion, without a question. Indeed he did not waste a thought about being a trespasser. Wrapt in feelings which music generally induced, he seated himself on the ground, gazing on the figures flirting past the open windows. When the music ceased he became sensible of his position, and had some thoughts of retreating, when a female figure was observed to emerge from the lower tier of windows on to the lawn. She stood sometime gazing on the glorious heavens and its starry canopy, in profound meditation. At length she walked directly to the place where Edmund was seated; on observing a man she started, and said, "Walter, is that you?" No answer, for Edmund was in a position not very enviable. "Who can it be then?—speak, sir."

Poynder rose, and in a deep voice replied, "Your friend Edmund, the artist of Florence."

Sarah Johnson, for it was herself,

uttered a faint scream, and held out her hand to the intruder, which he pressed.

"How, in the name of heaven, came you here? What madness has induced you to hazard a discovery by entering these grounds?" cried the lady, in a tremulous voice.

"I was attracted by the music, and no one knows the power that sweet sound has over me so well as Miss Johnson."

"Well do I know this," replied Sarah, with bitterness, "especially sounds proceeding from the voice of women. But why did you not see me after the cricket match? Do you shun me?"

"You must know that I should have been but poor society after the disappointment I received in not being able to look again on the peerless beauty of the Arno."

"That beautiful river again calls forth circumstances which led to our first acquaintance. I am aware of the conduct of Mr. Dean, and deeply deplore it."

"Indeed! you are considerate, but a 'peasant' may be insulted with impunity," returned Poynder, with meaning.

"You terrify me, Edmund," and the fair girl laid her hand on his arm with confiding tenderness. "after what occurred on that dreadful night. Oh God, I fear you have some motive in your allusion. My poor brother has not yet recovered from the effects of the pistol wound in his breast, which, happily, is not considered dangerous. Oh, Edmund, say you will not revenge this insult—promise me this," she concluded with anguish.

"Is it for Dean you fear?" asked the artist, with bitterness.

"No!" returned Sarah, wildly, "it is not, but for one a thousand times more dear to me—for—yourself; you force this from me by your cold, calm conduct."

"Enough, Sarah, I will seek no quarrel with Dean, without he crosses my path. He has already threatened me with his vengeance; let him beware."

"Surely, Edmund, you are mistaken; he could not add injury to insult, it is impossible."

"Love, hatred, and jealousy, will alter man's nature, and convert a human creature into a demon. This no one knows better than the excellent creature before me. I say again he has threatened me."

"Too well I know this."

"It is now time, Sarah, that you should know a fact which has been concealed from you so long. That you loved me fondly and devotedly, I am certain—that you would have accepted the hand of the humble painter you have often declared."

Sarah here became dreadfully agitated, and would have sunk to the earth had not Edmund caught her in his arms; she appeared to have fainted. By a powerful,

effort she recovered, and said—"Edmund, proceed; I am better now."

"When our meetings were discovered by your father, and I became known, his rage knew no bounds; you were confined to your room, and after endeavouring to obtain an interview, or convey a letter to you, I was one evening observed by a young man I never saw before. He rudely accosted me, and after some bravado on both sides, we became mad with rage. He struck me, by heavens! and I returned the blow with interest. Blinded with passion, we proceeded to a private place, when I discovered that my antagonist had pistols with him. It was at sunset, and on the very spot opposite to the chateau where we have met so often; he drew them from his pocket—'Now,' cried the young man, 'you shall know why I assaulted you in the streets of Florence. You have presumed, plebeian, to love a lady, your superior in birth and fortune; you have met her frequently on this very spot, and in yonder villa. The disgrace she has inflicted on her family, she shall never more inflict; so prepare, Poynder, for your death.' 'Ah! I am known then. Sir, I disdain to answer your insolent address. Let us to business. If I fall, convey the intelligence of my death to my mother. Here is her address. If you fall, I will do the same by you.' He agreed, and we exchanged cards. I placed his in my pocket without inspection."

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Sarah, "you knew not you were speaking to my poor brother."

"As the Almighty is my judge, I did not. There, then, in that lonely spot, without seconds, with the rage of lions, seeking for prey, in our hearts, did we load the pistols; I believing I was chastising a rival's insolence, your brother conceiving he was rewarding the baseness of a villain. We paced out twelve steps, and fired directly. My antagonist was wounded in the breast; I in the right leg. He fell. I staggered on to him; he lay groaning, yet sensible; but believing he had met his death wound, I called loudly for help; but none came. I could not leave the place. I sat down, and then, for the first time, I learned that my supposed rival was your brother; then did I feel poignant anguish. I tore his coat from him, and then his waistcoat, staunched the wound, and called again loudly for help."

"Merciful heaven," cried Sarah, with emotion, "what a situation for both."

"At length my cries brought a peasant to the spot, who obtained a litter, and your brother was conveyed home in a state of insensibility, while I halted into the city. After lying in bed for three weeks, I recovered sufficiently to be able to travel.

left Florence about three months since, travelled through France, and arrived here a fortnight ago."

"You have relieved my mind from a great load of grief; I always supposed you knew you had fought with my brother; but thank heaven you are guiltless. I have suffered much from ill treatment; but after our departure from the scene of so much anguish and happiness, my father's kindness returned, and I felt comparatively happy. We left Italy, and by easy stages arrived at Calais about three weeks since. My brother now is nearly recovered; he has never mentioned the dreadful duel, or his antagonist."

"He is generous, and I respect his delicacy; but I am detaining you from yonder happy circle. I will now bid you good night."

"Do not leave me yet, Edmund; I have a thousand questions to ask. I have no desire to reenter the room again."

"You know, Sarah, that there is a spell in your presence, a charm in your conversation, which renders me selfish. But I know the anomalous position in which we are placed, and I must tear myself from you now, and for ever."

The pale moon struggling through fleecy clouds and misty vapours, shed a mournful radiance on that couple on the lawn, and profound grief appeared depicted on the marble features of the beautiful lady, while Edmund seemed the picture of a desolated spirit. Miss Johnson looked at her companion for some seconds, in mute surprise, and her heart palpitated against her bosom, as if it desired to burst its lovely confines.

"Alas! Edmund; and is it so? Do you no longer regard me? are your professions false? answer me."

"Sarah, the affection I professed for you, when we parted under sunny skies, and amidst dangers and difficulties, I feel now, here, in this heart, that never yet harboured falsehood or deceit; but fate has placed a gulf between us, which we can never pass, without you lose caste in society, and a parent's love. Believe me, dear girl, that the exchange of my affection for that of your family, would be but a poor one, and which you would bitterly regret. To give up all those elegant amusements—to debar yourself from those luxuries, which have surrounded you from infancy, is a madness which I can never tempt you to commit."

"Hear me, Edmund," cried Sarah, with resolute determination, and with much emotion; "my love for you can know no change; it is a part and parcel of my existence, and to be deprived of my only hope of happiness, will reduce me to the condition of a lifeless being. Heaven is

my witness how I love my father, my brothers, and only sister, but that Almighty power, whether for good or for evil, has implanted in my heart a superior passion, which prostrates to the dust all minor affections. Here I give to the winds all considerations—erase from my heart all affections save that of love for you. I renounce luxuries and amusements from this moment, and place myself and fortune at your disposal for ever. Reject me not, unless you desire to see me a blackened corpse at your feet."

The wild energy with which this fair creature delivered this extraordinary exposition of her love and determination cannot be described, and its effects on her auditor were such as induced him to waver in his determination of leaving her for ever. He could not gaze on the peerless being, without feeling that she was high in rank, rich, beautiful, and accomplished, and that she was his own heart and soul. Her appeal, which came directly from a warm and passionate heart, found a response in a kindred spirit. The arms which were extended to the confiding girl, enfolded one of nature's loveliest beings. That embrace was a sufficient answer to all doubts, and under the glorious orb of night, which has witnessed so many protestations of eternal affection, did these beings pledge their souls to love each other during their sojourn on this earth.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The guardian of the elegant and lovely Amanda Burton, the Rev. Mr. C———, was an important member of the *elite* of society, in the neighbourhood of the borough of Hythe; tall, well proportioned, with an intellectual countenance, he was regarded by all classes as one of the most fortunate sons of the clergy. His handsome person, and natural genius, which had been highly cultivated, marked him out as one calculated to rise high in his sacred profession. Mr. C——— was so fortunate as to win the affections of one of the daughters of the archbishop of Canterbury, and as such a marriage is the best step in the ladder of preferment, he was very early in life destined to become rector of Honecliff, also of Goodsalt, to which was annexed a chapelry or two. He was also made an archdeacon and prebendary of Canterbury cathedral. All these blushing honours were quickly showered upon him, and he was "passing rich," with ten thousand a year.

This gentleman, therefore, had the power to perform many good and great actions. Eloquent and impassioned in the pulpit, he was listened to with respect and admiration. The auditors, when listening to his elegant and classical language, mentally

exclaimed, "How beautiful, grand, and effective, are the discourses of this accomplished clergyman." Mr. C. possessed considerable landed property in the vicinity of the vicarage, including a modern mansion, of modest pretensions. Besides these, he was a proprietor of the tithes of two large parishes; these he had a great affection for. Amongst those gentlemen in the vicinity of the vicarage, lived Mr. Dean, possessing a fine estate, and living in splendour: this squire was an intimate friend of our rich pastor, and no one was more regular in his attendance at church than Mr. D. and his family. Mr. C———, in common with the landed gentry, had an abhorrence of independence in the inferior class, and he religiously believed that there are certain good things of this earth, which heaven, in its infinite mercy, has created especially for the rich and powerful. Amongst these things he considered it a crime, nay felony, that any but the favoured few should look at a hare or a pheasant, and to kill either was a crime of such magnitude, that he considered it deserved condign punishment, and the persons guilty he frequently held up to public execration from the pulpit, as men to be avoided and despised. So greatly had this passion against poaching increased in the mind of our excellent rector, that it disturbed his repose, and he has been perceived, on many occasions, walking in the twilight of evening, and the early haze of morning, amidst his preserves, to protect them from invasion; and being a powerful man, and fast runner, he was a dangerous keeper of his own game. Frequently this Christian minister, after having preached an eloquent sermon, rich in the most beautiful precepts, calculated to raise the soul in ecstasy to heaven, descended from his pulpit, and left the house of prayer—not for the purpose of meditation on the effect his words had produced, but in fear that some marauder, while he was engaged in his sacred office, would have the wickedness to kill a hare in his own plundered garden. He has struck across his domain with rapid strides, his heart beating with anything rather than devotion to the great Architect of the universe.

On one occasion, on the Lord's day, this meek, humble follower of our blessed Saviour, on leaving the church-yard, after an unusually eloquent and impressive discourse, discerned a man hurrying across an adjacent paddock with something hanging over his shoulder, which his keen perception discovered to be a hare. He stood still for some time, as if petrified with horror and surprise at the enormous crime. At that moment, when the good priest appeared to be rooted to the ground, the man, who was dressed as a mechanic, gased

round warily, and perceiving the parson, he started into a full trot, to elude the farther scrutiny of so relentless a persecutor of persons offending against the laws protecting game for the exclusive benefit and palates of the wea'thy. Away over hedge and ditch scampered the poacher, and with superior speed followed the godly preacher. The man proved himself an excellent runner, but being "burthened with sin, his speed was impeded thereby." On, on, they pursued their course, leaping over everything in their way, till at length they reached the precincts of the ancient castle of Goodsalt, which stands on the brow of a hill looking down into what was in other days a moat, over which the old castle walls, covered with ivy and grey from time, frowned in hoary sternness. One leap, and the poacher is over the hedge, adroitly leaving the hare on the other side, down into the moat, and over the other side, was the work of a moment, while the minister was perceived at another point, leaping high in the air; he descends, loses his equilibrium, and falls. It is impossible to impede his descent, the gradient being about one in twenty, and down came the man of peace with great force to the bottom. Flushed with rage, or exertion, he rises, looks about him, shrugs his shoulders, and darts again up the opposite acclivity. On attaining the summit, his eyes were greeted with one of the most beautiful valleys in the world, reposing in silent grandeur. In the middle of this valley is a small shave, into which he perceives the daring poacher enter. Mr. C. now puts forth all his powers; away he dashes down the glade, and in a minute or two he is in a thick underwood. The poacher, perceiving he was no match for the minister, "doubles," and, with herculean strength, rushes like a whirlwind up the hill, but in a more southerly direction. And now the top is reached, which brings him into the high road. This manœuvre was accomplished while the pastor gazed into the woodland. He turns rapidly, and perceiving his "enemy" ascending the acclivity, he "girds up his loins," and again is in full chase. The parson was tall and thin, the poacher thick-set and bull-necked, with brawny shoulders; therefore, in a chase up hill, the parson was no match for the hare-stealer. But "No surrender!" cries the poacher; and "No flincher in a race am I," cried the preacher of peace. The brow of the hill is attained; over the hedge flies the first, rapidly followed by the second, and down the shady lane they rush like a locomotive. They now encounter the town's-people taking walk, the afternoon service at Hythe being ended. They stare at the first runner, and are amazed at the flight of their rector. Neither the pursued nor

the pursuer utter a word, excepting "out of the way." The old, the young, all shout, and the peaceful Sabbath is broken by a scene which was scandalous to all right-thinking Christians. They approach the brow of the hill, overlooking the eastern part of the town of Hythe. They stop not to view the lovely scenery which presents itself from this spot; nature is forgotten; only one object is sought; by one to capture, and by the other to escape. The poacher now begins to feel fagged; he perceives that the parson is fast gaining ground, and without some ruse he must be caught. He now rushes to the right, and dashes into a feltmonger's yard, and the parson, as he turns, recognises his features for the first time during the race.

"Ah, ah!" he muttered, out of breath, "I have you now."

"Don't be too sure, parson," cries the poacher, as he crosses the pits.

Alas! there is but very little certainty in sublunary things, and there are "many slips between the cup and the lip," and so our parson discovered, for he no sooner entered the yard than, being utterly unacquainted with its *locale*, he plunged at his first step into one of the pits full of tan-water. Being a tall man, there was no danger to be apprehended from drowning, and as soon as he had regained his footing, he appeared, half suffocated with the odious fluid he had imbibed internally and his garments externally. However, it cooled his heated frame, for he stood with his head only out of the noxious element, until the scared and amazed people who had followed the chase came to his assistance. The good Samaritans helped their esteemed pastor out of the pit, and for their lives they could not forbear tittering at the plight of a dignified prebendary whose suit of black, including his white cravat, was completely dyed brown, that any one might have mistaken their revered pastor for a quaker without being guilty of a solecism in good manners. The gentleman shook himself, and casting a keen glance around, discovered his enemy quietly seated on the top of the hill which overlooks the pits, gazing down on the foiled hunter with a triumphant leer.

"Ah, rascal! I know you, and will have you to-morrow."

To which salutation the poacher turned the back of his person by way of answer, which, to say the least, was not very polite to one of the superior clergy.

The good parson then departed to his curate's dwelling, who was "passing rich" with £40 a-year, in order to cleanse himself from the "sweet odours" arising from morbid sheepskins and oxen hides.

The triumph of the poacher was of short duration, for on the following day he was

apprehended and conveyed before the person, who being a magistrate, constituted himself both jury and judge in the case. Mr. — declared he had seen a hare on the delinquent's back, but how it disappeared he knew not; that he saw the face of the poacher, and he was certain that the man Elkins before him was the person he chased. He then, as a matter of grace, asked the accused what he had to say in his defence. Elkins said he was a poor carpenter, living in the town of Hythe, and being called to look at a job of work at Stone, a village at the end of the person's princely domain, he repaired there on Sunday morning, for he could not afford to lose a day, having eight children to support. On his return, and at Sand Hill, a hare dashed across the high road, and not thinking of the game laws, but believing that the wild creatures were given by the Almighty to both rich and poor, and knowing that these animals sometimes deprived his famished children of the produce of his garden, he, with a blow of his walking stick, killed the hare; and, supposing that the animal would only rot in the woods, he threw it across his shoulders as food for his children.

"Wretch," cried the pastor, "you knew it was my property. Why did you not run to the parsonage and inform the game-keeper of the fact, if your story be true? Why did you endeavour to escape me? Hanging is too good for such criminals," cried the infuriated magistrate.

"How could I know, sir," replied Elkins, with sturdy independence, "that the wild animal was your property? the creature was in the high road, and might have come from Mr. Barnard's grounds, or Mr. Dean's, and I killed it; and I do not believe that the Almighty sent what the law calls game, for the exclusive use of the law makers. It is a rank blasphemy to say so. I ran away from you, sir, because I wished to try your speed, and to do you justice you are a capital runner. Hanging matter, ah, ah! It would please you no doubt, but you have to administer the law, and can crush me with a fine, and will do so. I have eight little children; endeavour to starve them—it will be charitable of you."

The pastor looked dreadfully annoyed at the cutting remarks of this specimen of an English yeoman, and remembering his defeat, and the pickle, and the disgrace he had suffered in the eyes of his parishioners, he at once sentenced Elkins to pay a fine of £20, or six months' imprisonment. To which fiat Elkins said, bitterly, "The poor have no one to advocate their cause when oppressed by the rich; they look to their pastors for assistance in distress, but they find that it is not all charity that is preached. This fine will send my children

to the workhouse. I plead for them. If I am imprisoned they will starve; for their sakes I beg your mercy."

"I will not alter my decision, your insolence and crime deserves a greater punishment."

The fine was paid by the sale of the poor fellow's chest of tools, but the inhabitants sympathising with the man entered into a subscription and redeemed them. This hard case, as it was supposed by the townspeople, did not stop poaching, for, from that day, the parson's preserves were violated and the game destroyed. In vain large rewards were offered, no informers could be found. The enormous fine inflicted on Elkins is remembered to this day, to the prejudice of the humanity of the rector.

(To be continued.)

BURNING THE DEAD.

A finer instance of that state of things which must exist

"Where beasts with man divided empire claim," can hardly be imagined than that furnished at Benguela, a Portuguese possession in South-Western Africa. Dr. Tams, a German author, writes:

"In Benguela, it is the special office of one negro to burn the dead. By the existing laws, this burning cannot take place till after sun-set; and as the burner is quite alone in the cemetery while he is performing his trying duty, in fearful momentary expectation that some wild beast will issue from his retreat and fall upon him, he hurried through his task with as much expedition as possible; but so carelessly and inefficiently was this done, that I often saw him cover the bodies so scantily with dry grass and twigs, that the feet or arms of the corpse projected beyond the pile, without the action of fire seeming to have passed over them. The corpse is laid flat upon the ground, with the feet turned towards the sea. At this extremity, the twigs are first set on fire, because the sea-breeze, which is pretty strong, quickly drives the flames up to the head. As soon as this process has been gone through, the negro hastens to quit his post, and abandons the corpse, which is perhaps hardly touched by the fire, to the mercy of the ravenous beasts, which scarcely leave a trace of the body by the dawn of day. Fragments of gnawed bones and human skulls are everywhere lying about in Ca-lundo; nay, even in every street, and every dilapidated building, such remains are found; and it excites no surprise, if a man on opening his door in the morning, finds upon his threshold a fresh human skull which a hyena has carried there during

the night. These animals are so numerous in Benguela and its environs, that it is no difficult matter to find hundreds of their holes in the space of half an hour; and not a night passes without their proximity being betrayed by their disagreeable howl."

THE GEOMETRICAL ORIGIN OF OUR LANGUAGE.

It must have occurred to every thinking mind, that written, or even spoken language, to be a perfect medium of communication, should not be subject to misapprehension, and that it should be significant of the ideas or things intended to be conveyed to another. But what say some regarding our language? That it is an assemblage of arbitrary signs and conventional meanings put upon forms which have no base in nature, and meanings which have no analogy to the things endeavoured to be conveyed; consequently, this is the reason we so often misunderstand each other, and do not come to any precise conclusions on many of the most important subjects that can engage the human mind.

Language, to be worthy of the ideas we form of Deity, should be equal to its proposed end, which is not only to express our wants and feelings, but also as a means to attain sound reason. To accomplish this, it should be significant of the phenomena of nature, and also of reason, or laws of mind by which we become acquainted with the order displayed in the universe, and through which we get a knowledge of Essence and God.

If, then, these meanings or constructions were purely conventional, I think it will be apparent that they never could effect the purpose language aims at; that many words in common may have acquired a conventional meaning I am not prepared to deny, but when we examine closely, I think it will appear they are few, and that this conventionality is a graft upon what was originally simple, and based in nature, or what I call nature, the phenomena and order displayed in the universe. Some great writers on languages have argued that this primordial, and, if I may be allowed to say it, perfect character of language, may be traced in the Hebrew, Chaldaic, and Arabic languages, but cannot be seen in ours. It is to lead the mind to a better acquaintance with our own tongue, and dispossess it of this vagueness, that I propose to examine the forms of our letters, and endeavour to trace their original meaning. The utility of such a study must strike every mind; reason being the law of order and arrangement, unless our common measure, language, be founded upon that

base, in vain shall we attempt to become rational.

I presume, then, God has not left this part of his work to the mere caprice of man, no more than he has left the laws which regulate life to him; nor the beauty and harmony of the universe to the mere opinion ignorance may form of them. No! to every reflecting mind this beauty and order obtains our admiration and assent from the constitution of our nature; these are the everlasting landmarks of divinity. So is it with language; in fact, the universe is the language of God, that by which he speaks to every creature under heaven, and adapted to the nature of its being. From this I contend that our language is a transcript from this universal language.

I propose, also, in the inquiry of the origin of language, to show the immense significance of letters and words in conveying a more accurate acquaintance with the learning and knowledge of the ancients, whereby we may correct many vague notions we form concerning their mythology and early history. It is a practice in schools of any rank to teach the heathen mythology, &c. The loves, the rapes, the murders of the gods are subjects of instruction, accompanied with the assertion that they are all fables. Now why fables should be taught in christian seminaries seems an anomaly. Again, what avails it should we cram our minds with mere dry details of history, whether profane or sacred? it is of little use to us except to flatter our vanity, making us believe we are learned, even when we have no reason or ratio connecting these things with actualities existing around us; but there is a morbid appetite existing regarding such knowledge. We even have an art to assist it: I allude to phrenotypics, or the art of cramming the memory, which I would say assist in obliterating the mental faculties.

This course will always create a vacuum, as it does not satisfy the rational part of our nature. The phenomena of the universe is a display of mind, and the history of man is another display of mind, as exhibited in man; consequently, the knowledge of Canute, Edward I, or Alfred the Great's existence, their marriages, wars, &c., is perfectly useless, unless we connect therewith the amount of mind they exhibited, and what they did to assist in the development of the general mind, or, on the contrary, to retard it. The advancement of the human species to that goal to which we are all aiming, or the perfection of our nature, is alone the object that can hallow the toil which we take upon ourselves after learning and knowledge. That many have motives less noble, we know, but envy not.

To eat, to drink, to pass our life without exertion, or even excite the senses by mere art, however refined and calculated merely for our physical wants and desires, even the more laudable motive of affording means of subsistence, are all minor motives to a rational mind. Seeing then that to satisfy our rational being is the great object of existence, language is a means to this, and is of great importance. The great antiquity of language may be inferred from the many striking analogies we find in it to the original tongues now called dead languages; but when we learn from history the base of our tongue is Saxon, and that the Saxons were an important branch of the German family, and that the Germans are descendants of the ancient Tuetones, and that these Tuetones were of Asiatic origin, it would be foreign to our purpose to trace the steps by which branch of mankind we have become what we now find. We appeal to well-known facts of history. Another fact of history may be mentioned—there was a period when men began to separate. This is shown by the Pelasgi in profane history, and by the Peleg of Scripture. Upon another occasion, I propose to show the identity of these two. I only mention them to show the probable origin of all the European languages from one source. We also know from records and remnants of antiquity, that the square form of letters prevailed in Chaldea, Egypt, and India, from the earliest periods; and that the Hieroglyphic, Sanscrit, Arabic, Chinese, and many others, are deviations from this geometric or square form. Now the Pelasgi and Tuetones being separatists, and in fact wanderers, from the more settled states of society, were less likely to corrupt their mode of communication by art than those who had a priesthood who made it a point to conceal their knowledge from the vulgar, as on this depended their power of ruling them in the arbitrary manner they did. The Tuetones were known to possess more freedom, and the spirit of freedom, than any other people, because it was a principle among them that the feelings and desires of our nature ought to form all law of action. Consequently, we find them claiming the right of setting up their rulers, or putting them down; also of regulating their individual families;—their priests could gain no ascendancy over them only in proportion as they addressed their feelings. Their principles prevailing, no doubt led to many disorders; but we find they have been instrumental in the hands of Providence in breaking down the greatest tyrannies of old society, which have often reduced the masses to mere automata.

All this goes to account for the prevalence of the square form in the European languages; even the Greek partakes largely

of this character, they being both of Pelasgian and Egyptian origin. The Roman also may be shown to be formed from the same source as the Tuscans; and the Sabines, or Sabaeans, whom Job mentions, were of the same stock, and formed the principal of the people who settled early in Rome. Having given a slight sketch how these forms have been preserved, we shall now attempt to give some reasons for their origin. They were, I am disposed to think, first communicated to man by inspired individuals, as Scripture declares, rather than to the accumulated experience of ages, as in the latter case we should be under the necessity of supposing such a period of prior existence before man could have attained to such natural and abstract knowledge, that no authentic history warrants. As to the mythological periods of Hindostan and China, &c., they can now be shown not to relate to the history of man, but are astronomical periods of the courses of the stars and planets, with a feigned association of events taking place on this earth, so that they are to be regarded only in the light of a system of philosophy and religion. First, as regards their mathematical origin depending on the mind, we shall trace them from the data the mathematician deduces his science from—the point and line, and self-evident truths founded upon our mode of consciousness, such as we cannot deny without denying our own sensations and consciousness. Now a point is position simply—from this to some other point let it be granted a line may be drawn, which we cannot deny, as we can conceive such a thing in the mind which is pure, and draw such a thing visibly, which is its sensible representative, consequently imperfect; but our object is to show the most perfect sensible mode of conveying an idea of the entirety of mind and its modes of operating. This fluxing out of the line gives the idea of an actor, agent, an act, also an effect. Speaking of ourselves, this may be thus illustrated: Our consciousness represents the point, the continuation of that consciousness the line, and the bringing this into contact with other existences the effect. Speaking of it as regards Deity, the point would represent Deity, the line His act, and their effect our sensible mode of being conscious of His act. Here then the point, abstractedly considered, is a thing of the mind, and, representatively considered, is analogous to Deity; sensibly represented, it is also the same, it being a circle. Every circle being only a point expanded, a circle, or sphere, contains all form; and as the fusing out of a point creates figure and this identity, so is a point and circle in nature analogous. Now as we have the point, the generator, always accompanied with it

and the line, this is our *i*, indicative of identity, individuality; the bringing this into sensible existence, which is quite out of mind. We have *A* both flowing from one centre, between the divergence of which double identity is knowledge, and denoted by the mark across the *A*. This is the measure of the angle, and constitutes the all of sensible and mental existence, the great alpha of being, tri-literal in its form and signification. If we expand this letter to its utmost, we have it in its original condition; it becomes the generator of the circle and sphere—another significant symbol. Now with the line *i*, the *A*, and the circle, we can be enabled to represent identity, every act of identity and effect also. These simple forms, variously compounded, make all our letters expressive of every sentiment, feeling, and act of our mind as well as the phenomena of nature. The *A* inverted with indicating its line of measures is our *V* and *U* joined in the base (knowledge); the first highly expressive of vitality, the other of the use of nature or the universe. This *U* placed thus \subset with the line of identity emanating from its centre, is the Egyptian and our *E*. How beautifully expressive of efficiency is this letter! Here is the double identity, with knowledge flowing to it, and effecting its purpose; these constitute the vowel sounds, and generating powers for the consonants—sounds and forms conformable to these natural sounds of the human voice, and expressive of man's existence as symbols. We will now turn to the forms and signification of the consonants. The *I* of identity joined with its effect or *U*-niverse becomes *P*, expressive of power; this, joined with identity going from it, is *R*, expressive of power radiating. *D*, or as the Greeks wrote it *Δ*, is the same expansion of double, being connected in its extremes, indicating that which limits man and the universe definite; the index of definition and demonstration join with *I*, identity *U* or *V*, and we have a significant symbol of that which *F*-lows: examine the words this letter is in, and we shall perceive this office indicated. *G* is formed the *U* carrying the sphere with it, indicative of all gyration returning into itself. This conjoined with *O*, the sphere of being, and *Δ*, the definer and demonstrator of being, is a word highly significant of Deity, God. *H* is the double identity joined, indicating the life, as in heart the seat of life, and head the seat of mind. *B* is identity united with *VV*, or *UU*, by which it indicates boundary and being, for without this double vitality we cannot, in the fullest sense, be said to have being.

K is identity conjoined with *V* or *U* (for they both nearly indicate the same), becomes the chronologica of what the uni-

verse gives out the *Kronus* of time, the marker of time, and in words which mark acts of the universe and beings this letter is used. *L* is identity, or the flowing out of being in its principal effects—Light—Love—Lege—Law. *M* is the double identity supporting the *U-re* of the Universe, indicative of motion, or that which gives motion, as Mind; also something great, as *Magnitude*. It is a tri-literal letter, indicating the *U-niverse*, and that which gives being to or upholds the universe, conveying an idea of greatness. *N* is indicative of the state or condition of being, from *V-itality*, and *Native*, an identified vital being in the word *Neptune*, the vital principle of the waters identified or personified in nature. This letter always signifies the elements or course of the elements, with its vitality. *Q* is the sphere or existence marked in a particular manner, indicating the circle of being in a particular state, as in *quorum*, the circle of beings, quiet, quick, quintessence, quantity, all conditions of being. *S* is the circle opened, or *V* of *Vitality* in its ten-fold character, token of external and internal being, represented thus *Σ*, showing the flow of the spirit; therefore in all words which indicate continuity simply is indicated by this letter. *T* is identity supporting all identity past and to come, thereby declaring truth; it was originally written *†*, and was used by the Egyptians as expressive of the elemental state of being. This elemental state of being, united with *R* (power radiating) and *U* (the universe), and *T* again, the elements of our double being *H*, is one word truth—a symbol highly significant of what truth should be. *X* is expressive of vitality, flowing out in its two modes, and is peculiarly significant of our being. *Y* is identity vitalized, as *Y*, which can be shown to be its office in many words, as in city the vitality of the *Cronus*, time and its collective thing. The collective thing *Z* is only another position of the *N*, and indicates the place of elemental being, as *Zone*, *Zodiac*, *Zion*; and as *N* is significant of nativity or birth, so is *Z* of the place of birth: hence all animals are classed into a science called *Zoology*. Thus, then, we may perceive that the vowels are peculiarly symbolical of vitality, and the consonants expressive of the modes of that vitality manifesting itself; but I find that I shall transgress the limits allowed me. I hereafter purpose illustrating my position by analysing many words, and by that means bring out the meaning they were intended to convey, and without which knowledge we lose much of the force and beauty of language. It is curious to see this language of ours less corrupted than most European tongues after a lapse of so many ages, now rising again by force of

its native energy, and likely to become the universal language of the world, and the regenerator of man by commerce, science, art, and a pure religion, being extended to all mankind through its instrumentality, triumphing over the thralldoms, superstitions, and subtleties of witty and crafty men. The progressive spirit of divine purpose has ever flowed westward, and must continue so to do until all mankind shall become one, impregnating the east with a vivifying power that shall teach man that every part of his nature must be called into action, and thereby become a truly rational being, capable of contemplating and enjoying the boundless stores the Author of his being has placed within his reach.

H. J.

little chapels, which jostle the strangers' eyes as he goes up the famous stairs from the water-gate, make a scene of such pleasant confusion and liveliness as I have never witnessed before. And the effect of the groups of multitudinous actors in this busy, cheerful drama, is heightened as it were by the decorations of the stage. The sky is delightfully brilliant; all the houses and ornaments are stately; castles and palaces are rising all round; and the flag, towers, and walls of Fort St. Elmo look as fresh and magnificent as if they had been erected only yesterday.

Reviews.

Pictorial History of America, from its discovery by the Northmen to the present time.
By John Frost, A.M.

At a moment when the United States claim to rank among the great nations of the earth—when, having artfully secured one vast territory, they impudently lay claim to another—it may not be less useful than it will assuredly be entertaining to trace the rise and progress of these arrogant and greedy pretenders. A history, therefore, of America, from an American hand, must be welcomed by politicians of all parties, and readers of every class. That now before us, of which two numbers only have appeared, beside the recommendation of cheapness, is illustrated with numerous engravings; and by their means a vast variety of memorable scenes and striking objects are brought before the eye, so as to produce a more instantaneous impression on the mind than could be derived from the most careful and elaborate description, unaided by the pencil of the artist.

In the progress of the work, it is not unlikely we may differ on some points from the opinions of the writer, on which we shall animadvert with our wonted frankness and independence; but at this moment we have to perform the more agreeable task of speaking to the capital style in which (its price remembered) the book has been brought out. The paper is unexceptionably good, the type fresh and clear, and the working off does credit to Willoughby and Co.

Many readers have yet to learn that Columbus was not the first discoverer of the American continent. The narrative which our author gives of its discovery, is curious and valuable, because it is authentic. From this, therefore, we make an extract:

"The honour of making it effectively known to the inhabitants of the Old World unquestionably belongs to Columbus. From his glory as the great discoverer, it would be unjust in the slightest degree to detract. But the claim to a prior dis-

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VALETTA.

On the 5th, to the inexpressible joy of all, we reached Valetta, the entrance to the harbour of which is one of the most stately and agreeable scenes ever admired by sea-sick traveller. The small basin was busy with a hundred ships, from the huge guard ship, which lies there a city in itself; merchantmen loading and crews cheering, under all the flags of the world flaunting in the sunshine; a half score of busy black steamers perpetually coming and going, coaling and painting, and puffing and hissing in and out of harbour; slim men-of-war's barges shooting to and fro, with long shining oars flashing like wings over the water; hundreds of painted town-boats, with high heads and white awning—down to the little tubs in which some naked, tawny young beggars came paddling up to the steamer, entreating us to let them dive for halfpence. Round this busy blue water rise rocks blazing in sunshine, and covered with every imaginable device of fortification. To the right, St. Elmo, with flag and lighthouse; and opposite, the Military Hospital, looking like a palace; and all round, the houses of the city—for its size the handsomest and most stately in the world. Nor does it disappoint you on a closer inspection, as many a foreign town does. The streets are thronged with a lively, comfortable-looking population; the poor seem to inhabit handsome stone palaces, with balconies and projecting windows of heavy carved stone. The lights and shadows, the cries and stenches, the fruit-shop and fish-stalls, the dresses and clatter of all nations; the soldiers in scarlet, and women in black mantillas; the beggars, boatmen, barrels of pickled herrings and maccaroni; the shovel-hatted priests and bearded capuchins; the tobacco, grapes, onions, and sunshine; the sign-boards, botte porter stores, the statues of saints and

covery, urged in favour of the Northmen, and never relinquished by the Icelandic scholars, has recently been revived by the Royal Society of Antiquaries at Copenhagen, and supported by such weighty testimony, that it is now treated with respect by most historical writers. The facts, as recorded by the Icelandic authorities, cited by the Danish antiquaries, in their recently published volume, are briefly these:—In the spring of the year 986, Eric Haða, that is Eric the Red, emigrated from Iceland to Greenland, and formed a settlement there called Brattalid, at a place named from himself Ericsfjord. Among those who accompanied him was Heriulf Bardson, who established himself at a place which still bears the name of Heriulfness. Heriulf had a son named Biarne, Biorne, or (in some modern writers) Biron. Biarne was absent on a trading voyage in Norway, when his father accompanied Eric to Greenland. Returning to Iceland in the course of the summer, and finding his father gone, he sailed in pursuit of him, though wholly ignorant of the navigation between Greenland and Iceland. His vessel was soon enveloped in fogs; and after many days' sailing, he knew not whether he had been carried. When the fog cleared up, the voyagers found themselves sailing with a south-west wind, and saw land to the left. It was without mountains, overgrown with woods, and rose in several gentle elevations. As it did not correspond with the descriptions of Greenland, the country of which they were in search, they left it to larboard, and continued sailing for two days, when they saw another land, which was flat and overgrown with wood. From thence they stood out to sea, and sailed three days with a south-west wind, when they saw a third land which was high and mountainous, and covered with glaciers. Coasting along its shore, they discovered that it was an island. They bore away from it without landing, and after four days' sailing with fresh gales, reached Heriulfness in Greenland. Such is the tradition of Biarne's voyage in 986. He appears to have been carried by a north-east wind and currents far to the south till he struck the coast of America; and thence, with an opposite wind, stretched along the coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, till he reached his destination in Greenland. Biarne is stated not to have landed on the continent of America. Some time after this, probably in 994, Biarne made a visit to Eric, earl of Norway; and gave him an account of his voyage, and of the unknown land he had seen. He was censured by the earl, for not having explored the region. On his return to Greenland, a voyage of exploration was determined upon. Leif,

a son of Eric the Red, for this purpose bought Biarne's ship, and put on board a crew of twenty-five men, among whom was a German, named Tyrker, who had long been attached to the family of Eric. They sailed in the year 1000, and came first to the land which had been last discovered by Biarne. Here they landed. No grass was visible; the shore was lined with icebergs, and the intermediate space between them and the water was one continuous stratum of slate. This substance is called Hells, in the Icelandic tongue, and hence the region was named Helluland. This must have been Newfoundland or Labrador. The voyagers now put out to sea from Helluland, and descried another land, where they also went on shore. It was level, covered with wood, and presented a front of white sand bluffs. This they called Markland or Woodland. It is supposed to have been the coast of Nova Scotia. Again, standing out to sea, they sailed for two days, with a north-east wind, before they saw land again. They then came to an island, east of the main, and entered a channel between this island and a promontory projecting in an easterly (or northerly) direction from the main land. They sailed westward; there was much land left dry at ebb tide. Afterwards, they went on shore at a place where a river, issuing from a lake, fell into the sea. They brought their ship into the river, thence into the lake, and there anchored. Here they first constructed temporary huts; but having determined to pass the winter, they erected more permanent buildings, which they called Leifsbuthir, Leif's booths or huts. Thus established, Leif divided his company into two parties, whose business it was alternately to watch the settlements and to explore the country. It happened one day that Tyrker, the German, was missing, and as Leif set a great value upon the youth, on account of his skill in various arts, he sent his followers in search of him in every direction. When they at last found him, he began to speak to them in the Teutonic language, with many extravagant signs of joy. They at last made out to understand him in the North tongue, that he had found in the vicinity vines bearing wild grapes. He led them to the spot, and they brought to their chief a quantity of the grapes which they had gathered. At first, Leif doubted whether they were really that fruit; but the German assured him that he was well acquainted with it, being a native of the southern wine countries. Leif, thereupon, named the country Vinland or Wineland. After passing the winter at this spot, Leif and his party returned to Greenland, in the spring. The island above-mentioned

is supposed by the editor of the *Antiquitates Americanae* to have been Nantucket; and the region called Vinland the states of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. The length of the shortest day here, so far as it can be made out from the obscure passage of the narrative in which it is recorded, confirms this opinion. On his return to Greenland, Leif's discovery was the object of much inquiry; and Thorwald, his brother, borrowing Leif's vessel, undertook another voyage in the same direction, in the year 1002, determined to explore the country further in a southern direction. They reached Vinland before winter, which they passed at Leif's booths, employing themselves in fishing. In the spring of 1003, a party was sent by Thorwald, in the ship's long-boat, to explore the country to the south. They passed the summer in this employment, and found the country beautiful and well wooded, with a narrow belt of sand between the forest and the sea. They also encountered many shallows and islands. They found no traces of men, except a shed upon an island lying to the westward. In the spring of 1004, Thorwald sailed out to the eastward, in the large ship, and then northward, past a remarkable headland, enclosing a bay, and which was opposite to another headland. They called this Cape of Kiarlaness. Doubling this cape they skirted the shores and crossed the inlets till they came to a projecting promontory covered with wood. This spot charmed Thorwald; he exclaimed, 'This is a beautiful spot, and here I should like to fix my dwelling.' As they were preparing to go on board they noticed three canoes on the beach, and under each canoe three Skraelings or dwarfs, which is the name given by the Northmen to the Esquimaux. A contest ensued, and eight of the nine Skraelings were killed. The ninth fled into the interior of the bay, from whence he soon returned with a vast number of his countrymen. The party of Thorwald retreated to their vessel and sheltered themselves behind its bulwarks; but Thorwald himself was mortally wounded by an arrow under his arm. Perceiving the wound to be fatal, he said to his companions, 'I now advise you to prepare for your departure as soon as possible; but me ye shall bring to the promontory where I thought it good to dwell. It may be that it was a prophetic word which fell from my mouth, about abiding there for a season. There shall ye bury me, and plant a cross at my head and another at my feet, and call the place Krossaness in all coming time.' They obeyed this command. Returning to Leif's booths, they passed the winter there, and the following spring went back to Greenland. The keel-cap, in the opinion

of the editor of the *Antiquitates Americanae*, is Cape Cod; and the promontory called Krossaness from the fate of Thorwald, is either the Gurnet opposite Plymouth, or Point Alderton, in Boston harbour. In the season following these events, Thorstein, the third son of Eric, embarked with his wife Gudrida, in search of the body of Thorwald, which they wished to bring back to Greenland. The voyage was unsuccessful. They were tossed about all summer, and knew not whither they were driven. It was winter before they made the western coast of Greenland, where Thorstein died. In the spring, Gudrida, his wife, returned to the family seat at Eric's-fjord. The following year, 1006, is of importance in the history of these expeditions. In the summer of this year, there arrived in Greenland two ships from Iceland. The one was commanded by Thorfinn, surnamed Karlsefne, that is, the Hopeful, a wealthy and powerful personage, of illustrious lineage, descended from Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, Irish, and Scottish ancestors, some of whom were of royal rank. The other ship was commanded by Biorne Grimfson and Thorhall Gamlason. They kept the festival of Yule (Christmas) at Eric's-fjord. Here Thorfinn became enamoured of Gudrida, and espoused her in the course of the winter. The discoveries in Vinland were the subject of great interest in the family of Eric. Thorfinn was urged by his wife and the other members of the family to undertake a voyage to the newly-discovered country. Accordingly, in the spring of 1007, he and his associates embarked in their two vessels; and a third ship, commanded by Thorwald (who had married Freydisa, a natural daughter of Eric), was joined to the expedition. The party consisted, in the whole, of one hundred and forty men. They took with them all kinds of live stock, intending, if possible, to colonise the country. They touched at Helluland, on their way southward, and found many foxes there. Markland also they found stocked with wild animals. Proceeding southward, the voyagers made Kiarlaness (Cape Cod), and passed trackless deserts and long tracts of sandy beach, which they called Furdustrandir. They continued their course until they came to a place, where a frith penetrated far into the country. Off the mouth of it was an island, past which there ran strong currents, which was also the case farther up the frith. On the island there were an immense number of eyder-ducks, so that it was scarcely possible to walk without treading upon their eggs. They called the island Straumey or Stream Isle (Martha's Vineyard), and the frith, Straum Fiords or Stream Frith (Buzzard's Bay); and on its shores they landed and made preparations

for a winter's residence. They found the country extremely beautiful, and set themselves to explore it in all directions. Thorhall, with a party of eight men, took a course northward, in search of the settlements of Leif, at Vinland; but they were driven by westerly gales to the coast of Iceland, and there made slaves. Thorfinn, with the rest of the company, in all one hundred and thirty-one men, sailed southward, and arrived at a place where a river falls into the sea from a lake. Opposite to the mouth of the river were large islands. They steered into the lake and called the place Hop (Mount Hope Bay). On the low grounds they found fields covered with wheat growing wild, and on the rising grounds, vines. Here they were visited by great numbers of the natives in canoes. These people are described as sallow-coloured, ill-looking, with unsightly heads of hair, large eyes, and broad cheeks. Thorfinn and his company erected their houses a little above the bay, and passed the winter there. No snow fell, and the cattle found their food in the open field. In the following spring, 1008, the natives began to assemble in numbers, and open a trade with the strangers. The articles exchanged were furs on the one side, and strips of cloth on the other. In the course of the season, Gudrida, the wife of Thorfinn, gave birth to a son, who was called Snorre, and who was the first child, of European descent, born in America, and the ancestor of many distinguished personages at the present day, whose descent is lineally traced to Thorfinn and Gudrida, in the Icelandic genealogical tables. Among these are professor Finn Magnussen, a native Icelander, now resident at Copenhagen, one of the most distinguished Icelandic scholars of the day, and the immortal sculptor, Thorwaldsen. After other adventures and contests with the natives, Thorfinn returned to Greenland, leaving a part of his company established in the new country. After a few years spent in Greenland, Thorfinn purchased an estate in Iceland, in 1015, where he passed the rest of his life, as did Snorre, his American son. After the death of Thorfinn, and the marriage of her son, Gudrida made a pilgrimage to Rome. The family remained distinguished for wealth, influence, and intelligence. Thorlak, the grandson of Snorre, was raised to the episcopal rank, and was of great repute for his learning. He compiled a code of the ecclesiastical law of Iceland, which is still extant; and he is very likely to have been the person who committed to writing the *Sagas*, or traditions of the voyages and adventures of which the foregoing narrative is an abstract. In the year 1011, the colony in Vinland left by Thorfinn, was joined by

Helge and Finnboge, two brothers from Iceland, who were accompanied in their voyage by Thorwald, and his wife Freydisa, a daughter of Eric the Red. This woman excited a quarrel, which proved fatal to about thirty of the colonists. Detested for her vices, she was constrained to return to Greenland, where she lived despised and died unlamented. Towards the end of the reign of Olaf, the Saint (1026), an Icelander, named Gudleif, embarked for Dublin. The vessel being driven by boisterous winds far from its direct course, towards the south-west, approached an unknown shore. He and the crew were soon seized by the natives, and carried into the interior. Here, however, to their great surprise, they were accosted by a venerable chief in their own language, who inquired after some individuals in Iceland. He refused to tell his name; but as he sent a present of a gold ring to Thurida, the sister of Snorre Gode, and a sword for her son, no doubt was entertained that he was the Scald (Bard) Bjorn, who had been her lover, and who had left Iceland nearly thirty years before that time (998). The natives were described as of a red colour and cruel to strangers; indeed, it required the influence of the friendly chief to rescue Gudleif and his companions from destruction. From this period, we hear no more of the northern colony in America till the year 1059, when an Irish or Saxon priest, named Jon or John, who had preached some time as a missionary in Iceland, went to Vinland for the purpose of converting the colonists to Christianity, where he was murdered by the heathens. A bishop of Greenland, Eric, afterwards (1121) undertook the same voyage, for the same purpose, but his success is uncertain. The authenticity of the Icelandic account of the discovery and settlement of Vinland, were recognised in Denmark, shortly after this period, by king Svend Estrithson, Sweno II, in a conversation which Adam of Bremen had with this monarch. In the latter part of the fourteenth century, two Venetian navigators, sailing in the service of a Norman prince of the Orcades, are said to have visited Vinland, and to have found traces of the colony left by the Northmen. From that time to the discovery of the new world by Columbus, there was no communication—none at least that is known—between it and the north of Europe. This circumstance, says Dunham, has induced many to doubt of facts which have already been related. If, they contend, North America were really discovered and repeatedly visited by the Icelanders, how came a country so fertile in comparison with that island or with Greenland, or even Norway, to be so suddenly abandoned? This is certainly a difficulty, but a greater

one in our opinion is involved in the rejection of all the evidence that has been adduced. The history is not founded upon one tradition or record, but upon many; and it is confirmed by a variety of collateral and incidental facts, as well established as any of the contemporary relations upon which historical inquirers are accustomed to rely. For relations so numerous, so uniform, for circumstance, so naturally and so graphically described, there must have been some foundation. Even fiction does not invent, it only exaggerates. There is nothing improbable in the alleged voyages. The Scandinavians were the best navigators in the world. From authentic and indubitable testimony, we know that their ships visited every sea, from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, from the extremity of the Finland Gulf to the entrance of Davis's Straits. Men thus familiar with distant seas must have made a greater progress in the science of navigation than we generally allow. The voyage from Reykiavik, in Iceland, to Cape Farewell, is not longer than that from the south-western extremity of Iceland—once well colonised—to the eastern coast of Labrador. But does the

latter country itself exhibit in modern times any vestiges of a higher civilisation than we should expect to find if no European had ever visited it? So at least the Jesuit missionaries inform us. They found the cross, a knowledge of the stars, a superior kind of worship, a more ingenious mind, among the inhabitants of the coast which is thought to have been colonized in the dialect of the people. The causes which led to the destruction of the settlement were probably similar to those which produced the same effect in Greenland. A handful of colonists, cut off from all communication with the mother country, and consequently deprived of the means for repressing their savage neighbours, could not be expected to preserve always their original characteristics. They would either be exterminated by hostilities or driven to amalgamate with the natives: probably both causes led to the unfortunate result. The only difficulty in this subject is that which we have before mentioned, viz.: the sudden and total cessation of all intercourse with Iceland or Greenland; and even this must diminish when we remember that in the fourteenth century the



Norwegian colony in Greenland disappeared in the same manner, after a residence in the country of more than three hundred years. On weighing the preceding circumstances and the simple and natural language in which they are recorded, few men not born in Italy or Spain will deny to the Scandinavians the claim of having been the original discoverers of the New World. Even Robertson, imperfectly acquainted as he was with the links in this chain of evidence, dared not wholly to reject it. Since his day, the researches of the northern antiquaries, and a more attentive consideration of the subject, have caused most writers to mention it with respect."

Other editions of this history have been announced, but none of them have the original illustrations but the one before us. Many of these have great merit. We subjoin one which refers to the history of Captain Smith, inserted in the last number of

THE MIRROR.

The Gatherer.

Music.—"In music, as in the other arts, a person may be very accomplished," saith an eminent writer, "but a very indifferent instructor therein. The two qualifications seem, most unaccountably, to run in opposite directions; but when they chance to meet, if only in a second rate degree, the one is such a help to the other, in imparting the elements and practice, that combined they render the individual pre-eminent in his avocation, and a person highly to be estimated as a master of the science."—To these points, and good morals, should all parents and guardians, and every one look, in making choice of masters for those under their peculiar care.

Pedantry.—Pedantry is the spirit of a pedagogue: and the most polished and accomplished pedagogue the world ever saw, was my lord Chesterfield. His letters to his son have whipped more learning and true knowledge out of men, than all the stiff-necked coxcomical pedagogues in the world.

International Peace.—Peace is the great cause of human nature; it is the great secret of prosperity to all nations, collectively and individually; it is, therefore, the common policy of all.—*Wm. Smyth.*

Thoughts of the Moment.—A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket and write down the thoughts of the moment. Those that come unsought for are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—*Bacon.*

Lost Time.—Lost wealth may be restored

by industry—the wreck of health regained by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness—even forfeited reputation won by penitence and virtue; but whoever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years, stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from Heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

The Physician's Cane.—It was formerly the practice among the physicians to use a cane with a hollow head, the top of which was of gold, pierced with holes like a pepper-box. This top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder, or of snuff; and on entering a house or room where a disease, supposed to be infectious, prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder, and then apply it to his nose. Hence all the old prints of physicians represent them with a cane at their nose.

Genuine Eloquence.—One man whom I saw sitting on the ground, leaning his back against the wall, attracted my attention by a degree of squalour in his appearance, which I had rarely before observed in Ireland. His clothes were ragged to indecency—a very common circumstance, however, with the males—and his face was pale and sickly. He did not address me, and I passed by; but having gone a few paces, my heart smote me, and I turned back. "If you are in want," said I, with some degree of peevishness, "why do you not beg?"—"Sure, it is begging I am," was the reply.—"You did not utter a word."—"No! is it looking you are with me, sir? Look there!" holding up the tattered remnant of what had once been a coat, "do you see how the skin is speaking through the holes of my trousers, and the bones crying out through my skin? Look at my sunken cheeks, and the famine that's staring in my eyes! Man alive, isn't it begging I am, with a hundred tongues?"—*Letch Ritsie's Ireland.*

Colonel Blood.—Few persons are acquainted with the fact, that the famous Colonel Blood, who attempted to steal the regalia from the Tower, desirous of concealing himself for some years before the attempt, settled his wife and son at Romford, in an apothecary's shop, by the name of Weston, turned doctor himself, and practised for some time, under the name of Ayliffe.

Application.—Application is the quick eye of discernment, and the ready hand of action; the spur to good enduring resolutions, and the forerunner of certain success.